

Bartholomew Fair,

1788 *A new Song.*

YE lads of London city, come listen to my ditty,
Likewise ye lass's pretty, who love to see the fair
To Smithfield trudge along, and join the motley
throng,

You all may gain admission to see their exhibition,
Whatever's your condition, 'twill drive away your
care.

Five hundred different calling, as many voices
bawling,

Such puffing and such hauling to get a passage
through,

Here's Flockton's noted show, then up aloft we go,
While the lass's cry for quarters, we're creeping up
their garters,

But soon we find them Tarters, and fitting for the
game.

Here's puppet-shows and drolls too, here's sailor's
with their molts too,

And children with their dolls fir, come dance a baby
doo!

Fine sausages we've got, black-puddings piping hot,
Many a bawling voice, fir, ~~Here~~ four a penny oys
ters,

And fools in many postures, to please the gaping
crowd.

Here is Connolly O'Briant, will shew the Irish
giant,

And you may all rely on't, his statue's eight feet
high,

Now here's the learned swine, the noted porcupine,
If that you have not more sense, they'll take away
your halfpence,

And in a little time hence you'll be as wise as them.
What pushing and what driving, against each other
striving,

While many are contriving your pockets for to
glean,

There's Nancy, Pat, and Sue, and smiling Betty
too,

These lasses how they flouted, for as along they
scouted,

They fell among the Cow-turd, and spoilt their
gypsy hats

The husbands with their spouses, will fill the public
houses,

When got a little browsy, they then begin to p ate,
Come Nan shall have a doll, and so shall little
Moll,

Then Jack begins to weedle, daddy buy me a fiddle,
Young Sam as sharp as needle, cries. I will have
a dram.

The toys being thus divided, the matter is decided,
The children are provided, and home they go con-
tent,

They in a twelvemonth hence, by children's idle
pence,

I'd wager we may trust them, according to the
custom,

According to the custom proclaim another fair.